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Krafft, Frederick

Now and then

New York

1901

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Now and then. New York, The Socialistic  
cooperative publishing assn., 1901.

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A play in two acts.

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## TECHNICAL MICROFORM DATA

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# NOW AND THEN

BY

FREDERICK KRAFFT.

308  
2



Box 749

PUBLISHED BY

The Socialistic Cooperative Publishing Association,

184 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

1901.

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Box 749

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## PREFACE.

This play is written to preach Socialist thought through the medium of the stage with the limited means at the command of the amateur. The second act, being entirely of a visionary character, is purposely shortened, and serves mainly to illustrate the prophesy made at the close of the first.

When stage is darkened in first act, the light of an acetylene bicycle lamp thrown upon the female figure of Prophecy is entirely sufficient and effective.

The second act must be full of action. Any singing society may sing before curtain rises, then come out after finishing one verse while curtain rises, as out of a building, and gradually disperse into the different wings. Women and children may mingle with the crowd from an opposite direction, and may cross stage at intervals during the act. A male quartet is best suited to sing at end of play, and the crowd may join in chorus at end of second verse.

The players should speak their lines not too hurriedly, and accompanied with much action, to make the play effective. Maggie and Johnny supply the humor, and the Salvation Lassie is not a caricature, but to be treated seriously.

FRED'K KRAFFT.

March, 1901.

## "NOW AND THEN."

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### PERSONAE.

JACK WILLIAMS, a mechanic.

ELLA WILLIAMS, his wife.

MAGGIE HART, a friend of Ella's.

JOHNNY, Jack's brother.

Salvation Lassie.

Prophecy, a vision.

HILLMAN.

JARVIS.

FERRIS.

ANNA, grandchild of Williams, twelve years old.

Men, women and children.

The first act takes place in 1901, the second in 1950.

(SCENE I. ELLA sitting at table, right. MAGGIE enters centre. Cradle in background.)

MAGGIE—Hello, Ella. What's the latest?

ELLA—Oh, the same old news; the same story for the last three months. Jack can't find work, to save his neck. How are you getting along?

MAGGIE—On the blink. Things are getting pretty

slack, and if it keeps on this way, we'll be laid off. Most of the girls are working on half time now.

ELLA—I wonder if all the people are having as much trouble as we are. Gracious sakes, if you go to the shopping districts you'd think everybody is rolling in money.

MAGGIE—That's just where you and a great many others make a mistake. Those women that go shopping are not all the pebbles on the beach. Did you ever notice when you went to some picnic, you'd think the whole town was there, and when you get back to the city it seems as if nobody had left it?

ELLA—That's so, if you come to think of it.

MAGGIE—Yes, and do you remember when the labor unions had their big parade it looked as if every workman was a member of a union, and yet when you looked at the crowds on the sidewalks and in the houses you soon find that you are mistaken.

ELLA—You are right there. I never looked at it that way.

MAGGIE—Let's see, what were we talking about before? Oh, yes. You wanted to know whether everybody had as much trouble as you. You ought to know better than to ask such a question. Hasn't Mrs. James' husband been looking for work about as long as Jack, and wasn't Billy Turner's arm torn off when he was caught in the flywheel in the shop? Oh, by the way, that reminds me—how is Jack's hand getting along?

ELLA—Oh, pretty well. He is able to use it a little now.

MAGGIE—Well, I'm glad to hear that. Perhaps he'll be able to find a job easier now.

ELLA—Well, he'll have to find one pretty soon. Be-

tween you and me, Mag, there ain't a cent in the house since yesterday, and we'll have to live on tick. I tell you, if it hadn't been that Jack's lodge paid \$5 a week for two months, we'd have been done for long ago.

MAGGIE—Those societies are a mighty good thing, and yet there are so many workmen who neglect to do their duty, and their families and themselves must suffer.

ELLA—Sometimes it seems to me those Socialists are right. I heard one the other day speaking at a street corner. He said that the State should provide work for those who want work and can't get any; and I think he said something about the bosses ought to pay the expenses when one of their men gets hurt at work.

MAGGIE—That sounds all very nice, but my father says Socialists will never get in, and if they do they'll be as bad as the rest. Besides, he says, workmen are always scrapping among each other. Some believe in unions; some don't. Some are Republicans, some Democrats. Then some, who used to get drunk and club their wives, have reformed and vote the Prohibition ticket.

ELLA Jack says the same thing, too. He told me that he was sick and tired of the old parties, but he believed that Bryan was an honest man, and that if he'd get elected he would smash the trusts.

MAGGIE—You're right there, and now that old McKinley got in again, just because the bosses told their men that if Bryan was elected they would close their shops and throw their men out of work. Say, do you know what I think of half of the men? They're a lot of dishrags.

ELLA—Well, I can't say that of Jack. He's a pretty

independent sort of a fellow, and I know that he'll vote for the Social Democratic Party the next time.

MAGGIE—Well then he's a dishrag like the rest of them.

ELLA—Why?

MAGGIE—What is the use of having so many parties? Why don't the workingmen stick together and put up their own men?

ELLA—As much as I know, the Socialists do.

MAGGIE—They do?

ELLA—Why, yes, only the workingmen say Socialists don't have a ghost of a chance.

MAGGIE—That's what I say, too. Dear me, it seems as though we people are always going to be down. I wish women could vote. I bet you we'd find out who the best man is.

ELLA—You're talking big now. Don't you think the men can find out as well as you?

MAGGIE—No, they're a lot of chumps, that's what they are.

ELLA—That's your opinion.

MAGGIE—No, that's not my opinion, but the opinion of a great many women. Why, how was it at our shop? You remember the fresh foreman we had? How he used to bulldoze us and get the boss to dock us for every little thing? But us girls says we'd get rid of him, and you know we did, too. But the men, shah, they wouldn't say booh. We'd have waited till doomsday for the men to do anything, the cowards.

ELLA—Well, the Socialists say that women should have the same rights as the men, and that they ought to be allowed to vote.

MAGGIE—Do they? Well, then, they're my men.

ELLA—Is that so? You just said they had no show.

MAGGIE—Why, of course, not as long as every one hangs back. If they believe in equal rights for women, then I'm a Socialist every time.

(Enter Johnny, with basket, centre.)

JOHNNY—Git on to what's talkin'.

MAGGIE—Oh, shut your mouth; you're too fresh.

ELLA—Don't mind him. Johnny, you seem to have a heavy load. Where did you find them?

JOHNNY—Dem ain't all coals. Not on your tintype. Dem's potatoes.

ELLA—Potatoes? Who gave them to you?

JOHNNY—Gave them to me. Ha, ha, ha! Say, you're dead easy. I swiped dem, see.

MAGGIE—You'll get caught and locked up before you know it.

JOHNNY—Ah, close your fly-trap. You're too fresh.

ELLA—Johnny, quit your fooling and tell us the truth. Did you steal those potatoes?

JOHNNY—No, I didn't steal them. I swiped them, all right, all righty.

ELLA—Now, stop your nonsense. Tell me just how you got them, and where.

JOHNNY—You told me to go and pick some cinders, didn't yer?

ELLA—Yes. Heaven knows it has come to this.

JOHNNY—Well, I went down into der railroad yard and I found some daisy coal, when I spied a freight car full of peraties. I put me hand between de slats and I swiped nearly a basket full.

ELLA—Take them right back again.

JOHNNY—What do you take me for—a dope? Say, are we goin' to have quail on toast with fried Boston chips to-day, hey?

ELLA—Johnny, if you weren't a boy, you would not talk so. Be honest and you will always get along in the world.

JOHNNY—Yes, get along on wind puddin' and balloon juice. I'm goin' to roast dem potatoes in de fire like the blickies do on de street, if you don't want dem.

(Exit JOHNNY, left, with basket.)

MAGGIE (after a pause)—There's no use of talking, Ella, the boy ain't to blame. You don't want to starve, do you? And besides, suppose the boy would go back and be caught putting the potatoes back again. It's ten chances to one they'd thrash him or even lock him up, because they would think his story rather fishy.

ELLA (weeping)—Oh, my God, my God, how is this going to end. I've kept up my courage too long; I fear I'll break down any moment.

MAGGIE (tenderly)—Now, don't cry, Ella. You can't tell but what something may turn up any minute.

ELLA—Ah, we have waited months for something to turn up. Jack has offered to do almost any work, all the good it did. Hush, I hear Jack coming. He must not see that I've been crying.

MAGGIE—I'll engage him in conversation and you'll get time to recover. Brace up.

(Jack, looking careworn, enters centre.)

MAGGIE—Good morning, Mr. Williams. What's the good word?

JACK (dejectedly)—Good word! Never a good word for us any more. By Heavens, it seems as if we were to

die of starvation in a city full of wealth and millionaires. Ella, have you anything to eat? I never felt so weak in all my life.

ELLA—Well, you know, Jack, that our money is used up, and we'll have to hang up at the butcher's and grocer's.

JACK—My God, don't remind me of it. Oh, why did I ever marry? Ella, it's terrible for a man to feel that he is unable to provide for those depending on him. Miss Hart, take my advice, and don't get married. I don't know—I feel so weak, so strange.

MAGGIE—I sent Johnny over with a basket of potatoes. (Low to Ella)—Never mind, let me attend to this.

JACK—How shall we ever return your kindness. Oh, it's tough to live on charity.

MAGGIE—Don't talk that way. We never know when our turn comes. (Calls left.) Johnny, have you got the potatoes?

JOHNNY (inside)—Yes. What's up now.

MAGGIE—Now, Ella, just boil a few of those potatoes and let Jack eat them with a little salt. There is a great deal of nourishment in potatoes. You know, in Ireland the poor live almost entirely upon them. I'll run off and see if I can't manage to get up a square meal.

ELLA (to Maggie)—Oh, but to think we're going to eat a stolen meal! It's a sin and a shame. God forgive us for this.

MAGGIE—How do you know but what God sent those potatoes. He let them grow and perhaps prompted Johnny to take them. They may be the means of saving your husband's life. He's been walking in the open air all the time, and therefore he has a stronger appetite



than you. Stop worrying about the potatoes now, and think more of your husband.

ELLA—I know you mean well. God bless you. You're so kind.

MAGGIE—Oh, don't begin to flatter me. So long! Good-bye, Mr. Williams.

JACK—Good-bye, Miss Hart. I hope I don't scare you away.

MAGGIE—Not at all. I've got to go on an errand, anyway. Good-bye, all. (Off.)

ELLA—A splendid girl. Well, Jack, I'll go and get the potatoes ready for you.

JACK—All right. Get them done as soon as possible.

ELLA—I will. Now, don't sit there and worry, Jack.

JACK—Oh, Ella, Ella, how will this end?

ELLA—Now, Jack, keep up your courage or you'll make me lose mine. You eat, and then lie down for a nap, or you'll break down completely, and I'll go out and see if I can't find something to do. Something has to be done.

JACK—What! You go out to work for me. Not if I can help it.

ELLA—Jack, I've promised before God and man to be yours for good or ill. You have been a good husband, and I can show my gratitude in no better way than to sacrifice myself to help you in the hour of need.

JACK—But who will take care of the baby?

ELLA (smiling)—Why, you, of course. Who would take care of our child if you were dead and I was forced to earn my own living. Let us be thankful that we have our health and sound limbs. This day may be a turning point in our lives. Always when things are darkest, help

is nearest. But here I am talking, while you are aching for something to eat. Keep an eye on baby. (Off.)

JACK—The sight of my dear ones almost drives me crazy. Day after day, to meet the anxious gaze of my wife and to look into the innocent face of the baby is almost too hard to bear. (Walks to cradle.) Poor little innocent, God only knows what may be in store for you. How often in these days have I cursed the day of my birth, and here I have placed you into a world without furnishing you the prospect of a happy life—nay, even of an existence. (Kisses child.) Sleep, you little innocent! Ah, if we could all sleep and forget our troubles. There's that dizzy feeling again. (Falls into a chair, right, front. Knock at the door.)

JACK—Come in.

LASSIE—Excuse me for intruding. Mr. Williams, I believe?

JACK—Yes, ma'am.

LASSIE—I hope you will not be angry if I tell you what brought me here.

(Jack, with closed eyes, does not answer.)

LASSIE (aside)—He seems to be drunk. (Loud)—Mr. Williams.

JACK (starts up)—Hey?

LASSIE—I've brought you something to eat.

JACK—What!

LASSIE—I belong to the Slum Brigade of the Salvation Army. We were informed that you were in needy circumstances, and so we bring you something to eat.

JACK—Take it away; the sight of it will make me sick.

LASSIE—You are not angry, I hope.

JACK—No, no! I know that you mean well. The

Salvation Army is a great blessing to the poor, and I would be the last man on earth to think ill of your work. But I am not hungry; take it in to my wife.

LASSIE—You have been out of work a long time, we were told. Have you ever prayed to the Lord for help?

JACK—Yes, oh yes. I have prayed earnestly for the sake of my family, but all in vain. What have we done to suffer so much, and why are not our prayers answered?

LASSIE—Don't you think the Lord has heard your prayer when he sends friends to help you?

JACK—That may be, but do not think me ungrateful when I say that I do not want that. I want work. I want the right to live without begging.

LASSIE—Be patient, my brother, and trust in the Lord; he will not forsake you. The Lord will provide.

JACK—The Lord may provide, but somehow we don't get any of it lately.

LASSIE—You should not talk that way. See the beasts of the forests, the birds of the air, the fish in the sea, all are fed by their Creator, and——

JACK—And human beings must starve for want of work.

LASSIE—Then do you doubt that God will provide for us as well as for dumb animals?

JACK—No. I believe that the Creator provides for every one of his creatures, but somehow all that grows is allowed to rot on the ground; it's thrown into the water while we in the cities are starving for the want of it. I've been doing a great deal of thinking lately, and, do you know, I don't blame the Lord for all my troubles.

LASSIE—Ah, my brother, you are mistaken. The

Lord has allowed these troubles to come upon you to try your faith.

JACK—What, would you make God a fiend? Do you think that if my child was in my circumstances I would throw it out of work, that I would subject it to all the misery and heartache that I have undergone, simply to try its faith in me. No, no, none of that doctrine for me. I am beginning to think that there is something wrong with mankind. As I said before, there is enough in the world for everybody to live and be happy, but somehow some people manage to get it all, while the rest must toil and slave for a mere pittance, or not even get a chance to get anything at all.

LASSIE—Your affliction embitters you. Come, eat, and you will be in a more cheerful mood.

JACK—I thank you ever so much for your kindness, which I know comes from your heart. Take it in to my wife and tell her to eat. That will make me happy.

LASSIE—But there is plenty and enough for two.

JACK—Let her eat first. When I know her happy I will enjoy it better. Go right in there and tell my wife I will not come in until she has finished eating.

(Salvation Lassie off to side.)

JACK—Poor girl. She is trying her best to dry the tears of the unfortunates. But what good will a meal do us? That will not pay our rent or other expenses. By Jove, I feel almighty tired. I'll sleep a little until I am called. (Lies on lounge.) Ah, this feels good. I wish I could sleep and never wake up again. Ella, forgive me this cruel thought. (Falls asleep, stage darkens, female figure appears clad in white, with red cap and red flag;

walks slowly with uplifted hand to the couch, then speaks slowly, distinctly and impressively:)

Oh, man of flesh and blood, give heed to me,  
Thou master of the world, turn not away  
Disheartened and discouraged from thy task.  
Away with sorrow, lachrymose dismay;  
Dispel complaint and curses from thy lips,  
For thou art destined to redeem the world  
Which God, thy Maker, gave to thee.  
Thou art the master of thy destiny.  
Thy sufferings but reflect thine every act;  
Thine own accursed negligence and careless  
Indolence. The laws, oppressive and extreme,  
Exist by thy consent, die at thy will.  
Poverty, the proletaire's companion,  
Is banished from thy home for evermore,  
If thou but close thy door against his grim  
And hideous visage. O cease lamenting  
And take heart again; thine is the future.  
Arise, arise! Dethrone King Capital,  
And welcome Socialism to thy breast.  
Strike, strike the blow for liberty and peace.  
Take thou the ballot and assert thy power  
And bring thy blessings to the coming race.  
Unite, unite with all thy brethren on the globe,  
And hurl proud Mammon from his pedestal.  
Take heed e'er 'tis too late, oh, workingman.  
Thou hast but chains to lose, a world to gain.  
Rejoice, deliverance is nigh, with peace  
On earth, good will to men at last.  
(Retreats slowly. When figure is off stage, lights are  
turned on suddenly.)

JACK—Hold! Stop! Don't leave me! Gone—gone!  
(Rushes to where figure disappeared, falls to the floor  
with a shriek. Ella and Salvation Lassie appear and run  
toward him. Ella swoons and falls in Salvation Lassie's  
arms. Curtain.)

SECOND ACT.

(Open country. Curtain rises while singing of many  
voices is heard. Promenaders are seen going back  
and forth. Boulder or tree-stump in foreground.  
After song is ended, workingmen pass across the  
stage. HILLMAN meets and accosts JARVIS. A little  
later FERRIS appears.)

HILLMAN—What, is it 12 o'clock already?

JARVIS—Yes, and a right fine afternoon it is to enjoy  
a stroll through the woods. But where are you going?

HILLMAN—I am on the reserve list this month, and I  
was ordered to relieve a railway engineer of a train which  
arrives at Chicago to-night.\* As an intimate brother is  
very sick in that city, I am only too glad to go there. But  
I must be going, brother. Good-bye.

JARVIS—Good-bye, and my best wishes for the wel-  
fare of our brother.

(Exit HILLMAN.)

\*(If this play is produced in Chicago, for instance,  
then train arrives in New York. A great distance must  
be indicated.)

FERRIS—A thought just struck me while you two were talking. How queer it must have been years ago to see men forced to do railroad duty for days at a time.

JARVIS—Yes, and yet such a task was comparatively pleasant when we read of the irksome toil of sailors, as they were then called, who were confined to a ship for months at a time, living upon stale bread and salt meats all that time.

FERRIS—Quite right. We do not think of those things in our modern civilization.

JARVIS—And furthermore, the cowardice of our forefathers is incomprehensible, who permitted themselves to be driven into the bowels of the earth to toil and slave from morning until night, year in and year out, with no enjoyment except the exhilaration and stupid abandon produced by alcoholic stimulants. It seems almost incredible that thousands upon thousands of these poor unfortunates would destroy their bodies and souls simply to provide a few individuals with the luxuries and pleasures which all people enjoy now. And not only that. They looked on helplessly while their wives were pining away unable to bear healthy children, and their children showing the signs of old age before they were out of their teens.

FERRIS—Oh, well, we must allow for their ignorance.

JARVIS—Dear me, we are always told they were ignorant. The majority could read and write. They had what they termed newspapers then, which reported occurrences in all parts of the globe. Some of the most learned and most fearless upbraided them for their cowardice, their inactivity, their indifference to their wants and conditions.

FERRIS—But you forget that, on the other hand, they were largely influenced by false teachers and prophets who were acting as agents of the ruling class. The newspapers were foremost to engender false notions, to poison the morals of the people, and the pulpit was silent upon all great wrongs, while denouncing trivialities.

JARVIS—I admit all that, but where were their ordinary, natural impulses? The beast resents an injury and defends its offspring with its lifeblood, and yet, even in the year 1901, at the beginning of the twentieth century, we find millions trembling and cringing under the lash wielded by a handful of men.

FERRIS—That is because they were not a free people, although firmly believing it to be so. Even Shakspeare causes Hamlet to soliloquize, "Whether it be nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, or to take arms against a sea of troubles, and by opposing, end them." In former days it was a virtue "to suffer and be strong."

JARVIS—I confess we ought to familiarize ourselves a little more with the history of the past. If you don't mind, we can go to the Lakeside College of History, where a course of lectures on the 19th century is now in progress.

FERRIS—A good idea. But look who comes here.

JARVIS—Ah, this is fortunate. That is Father Williams, or Jack Williams, as he was called in his youth. He is one of the very few who lived at the end of the last century.

FERRIS—Is that Williams, the eccentric old man who will never talk of his youth?

JARVIS—The same. He is happiest in the company of children.

(WILLIAMS appears, surrounded by frolicking children.)

JARVIS—A happy day to you, worthy veteran. The weather delights both old and young.

WILLIAMS—Thank you; it does.

JARVIS—We were just engaged in an interesting conversation concerning the 19th century.

(Williams starts in silence.)

FERRIS—And upon seeing you, we thought you were the very person to give us both a direct and instructive narrative of those days.

ANNA—Oh, yes, grandpa, do tell us that.

CHILDREN—O, yes, tell us a story of long ago.

ANNA—You promised us so often, grandpa, but you never keep your word.

JARVIS—If that be so, Father Williams, why not grant us all the rare pleasure of hearing your experience.

WILLIAMS—Is it, then, a pleasure to hear a story of misery and pain?

JARVIS—Heaven forbid. But we are human, and our curiosity has been sorely tried by your persistent silence.

WILLIAMS—And would you raise the dead to satisfy your curiosity?

ANNA—Oh, grandpa, do not be so obstinate. Were you not a child yourself, and did you not like to listen to your grandpa's stories?

WILLIAMS—Yes, darling, but times were different then. Children did not learn their lessons from living pictures, as you did, but from books, with strange char-

acters, which they were obliged to memorize before they could comprehend their meaning. Many children were obliged to work all day at your age.

CHILDREN—Work? Work all day!

WILLIAMS—Yes, work harder than the strongest man works to-day.

ANNA—Why, that must have been terrible.

WILLIAMS—Yes, this earth was a hell then. Therefore I dislike to think of it, far more to speak of those dreadful times.

JARVIS—We know that you were one of the leaders to end that terrible epoch and to inaugurate the co-operative commonwealth. How came you to be a so-called labor agitator is all we ask of you?

ANNA—Oh, yes, tell us what a labor agitator is, anyway.

CHILDREN—What a funny word—labor agitator—ha, ha, ha!

WILLIAMS—Well, then, I will break my silence once for all time. My days in this world are limited, and I trust after this I shall not be molested again.

CHILDREN—Hurrah, a story from Father Williams.  
(WILLIAMS sits. Young and old gather around him on the ground. Passers-by stop and listen.)

WILLIAMS—You must remember that we were all slaves of our economic masters, who could feed or starve us at will, because they were the exclusive possessors of all the means necessary to life; the land, the water, the air, together with all the means of distribution, such as railroads, ships and storehouses and factories. One time, through an accident, my hand was hurt, and I was thrown

cut of employment, which was equivalent to privation and destitution.

CHILDREN—How queer!

WILLIAMS—For nearly three months I looked for a job, as we called it, which meant as much as begging for something to eat. Such conditions drove men to insanity, crime, and even bloodshed.

ANNA—O, how terrible!

WILLIAMS—At last my family and myself were at the point of starvation. One day I returned to my home weary and fatigued, sank upon a couch, and soon fell asleep. In a dream a vision appeared to me exhorting me to take hope again, and calling upon me to unite with my fellow-men to overthrow capitalism, which was responsible for all our ills then, and to substitute therefor a civilization such as you now enjoy. I awoke, sprang from my bed, and sank exhausted to the floor.

ANNA—Poor grandpa, you must have hurt yourself.

WILLIAMS—No, my child, but when I awoke again I found myself lying in a hospital, where, I was told, I had been tossing in a raging fever for three weeks almost at the point of death.

JARVIS—'Twas well that Heaven spared you.

WILLIAMS—Think you so? Upon growing stronger, I was informed that my dear wife had died from worry and lack of proper nourishment. My child had been adopted by some kind people, who promised to take good care of it which they did.

ANNA—That was my mamma, was it not?

WILLIAMS—Yes, God bless her. I would have taken my life had it not been for her.

FERRIS—How could you think of such a dreadful deed?

WILLIAMS—Ah, my sons, suicide was then the only refuge from a life made desperate by adversities, and only a paternal love imbued me with new life, with a determination to provide for my child and future generations a world fit to live in. Thus I became a labor agitator, spoke, fought and suffered for the great cause of Socialism. The rest you know.

JARVIS—I almost regret to have forced this sad story from you; still we are now more enabled to understand and appreciate your great work; to worship you as one of the liberators of the human race.

WILLIAMS—Nay, speak not thus. I was but an insignificant part of man's evolution.

FERRIS—See, yonder goes a merry throng. Let us hail them. Let us forget the past and enjoy the present.

WILLIAMS—And may the experiences of ages serve to make you ever watchful of the danger lurking in selfishness.

CHILDREN—Hurrah for grandpa!

JARVIS—Come nigh, good brethren and sisters.

FERRIS—Let us all join in song to drive away the gloom cast around us by the narrative of our veteran father. Praise the twentieth century, which has emancipated all mankind, which has shattered the fetters of slavery, dethroned kings, and made men free—free in body and soul.

JARVIS—Here are our brethren who sing the beautiful song,

We all live a life of freedom,

Neither master, neither slave.

Sing, and we will join you if we can catch the melody.

(Quartett sings, others stand behind them, forming picturesque groups, swaying their bodies to the music, etc. While finishing end of last verse they disperse.)

Oh, how glorious is the season,  
When the flowers are full in bloom;  
Man and beast their lives enjoying,  
Banishing all fretful gloom.  
Insects dancing in the sunlight,  
Fishes leaping from the sea,  
All are full of fun and frolic,  
Full of merriment and glee.

Chorus:

ALL—We live a life of freedom,  
Neither master, neither slave;  
Care is banished forever,  
Misery is in the grave.

Finished is our daily toil now,  
For the noonday hour is past.  
Let us then partake of nature's  
Plentiful and rich repast.  
Each one, then, seek recreation,  
Study, or take needed rest;  
Music shall be our companion,  
With sweet song from every breast.

Chorus.

ALL—We live a life of freedom,

# NOW AND THEN.

(CLOSING SONG.)

Words by FREDERICK KRAFFT.

Music by JOHN B. SCHADEL.

TENORS.

BASSES.

PIANO.

*mf*

1. O how glo - rious is the sea - son, when the  
2. Fin-ished is our dai - ly toil now, for the

*mf*

*f*

flow'rs are full in bloom; Man and beast their lives en-  
noon-day hour is past; Let us then par-take of

joy-ing, ban-ish-ing all fret-ful gloom: In-sects  
na-ture's plen-ti-ful and rich re-past: Each one

danc-ing in the sun-light, fish-es leap-ing from the  
then seek re-cre-a-tion, stud-y, or take need-ed

sea, All are full of fun and frolic, full of  
rest; Mu-sic shall be our com-pan-ion, with sweet



## CHORUS.

mer - ri - ment and glee. } We all live a life of  
song from ev - ery breast.

free - dom, nei - ther mas - ter, nei - ther slave; Care is

ban - ish'd now for ev - er, mis - er - y is in the

grave. We all live a life of free - dom, nei - ther

mas - ter, nei - ther slave; Care is ban - ish'd now for

The musical score consists of two systems. The first system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4.

(2)  
ev - er, mis - ery is in the grave.

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. It ends with a double bar line. The key signature and time signature remain the same.

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